

If you knowv not me,

You know no bodie :

Or,

*The troubles of Queene ELIZABETH.*



AT LONDON,  
inted for Nathaniel Butter. 1606.

*in all 67*





If you knowv not me,  
You know no bodie :

---

Or,  
*The troubles of Queene ELIZABETH.*

---



---

AT LONDON,  
Printed for Nathaniel Butter. 1606.  
in all 67









If you knowv not me,  
You know no bodie :

Or,  
*The troubles of Queene ELIZABETH.*

*Enter Suffex, and Lo: Chamberlaine.*

Suffex.



Ood morrow my good Lord Chamberlaine.

*Cham:* Many good morrowes to my good  
Lord of Suffex,

*Suff.* Whose with the Queene my Lord.

*Cha:* The Cardinall of *Winchester*: The Lord  
of *Tame*: the good Lord *Shandoyse*: and besides,  
Lo: *Howard*, Sir *Henry Beningfeild*, and diuers others.

*Suff:* A word my Lord in priuate.

*Enter Tame and Shandoyse.*

*Shan:* Touching the Queene my Lord who now sits hye,  
What thinks the realme of Phillip th'Emperours sonne,  
A marriage by the Counsell treated of?

*Tame:* Pray god 't prooue well.

*Suff:* Good morrow Lords,

*Tame:* Good morrow my good Lord of Suffex.

*Shan:* I cry your Honors mercy.

*Cham:* Good morrow to the Lords of *Tame* and *Shandoyse*.

*Tame:* The like to you my Lord: As you were speaking.

*Enter Lord Howard and Sir Henry Beningfield.*

*Bening:* Concerning *Wyat* and the Kentish rebels,  
Their ouer-throw is past: The rebell Dukes that fought  
By all meanes to proclaime Queene *Iane*, cheifely *Norhumberland*,  
For *Gilfords* sake, he for't his brother Duke vnto that warre,  
But each one had his merite,

*Howard:* Oh my Lord,

*If you know not me,*

The lawe proceeded gainst their great offence,  
And 'tis not well since they haue suffered iudgment,  
That we should rayse their scandall being dead,  
Tis impious, not by true iudgment bread.

*Suff:* Good morrow my Lord, good morrow good Sir *Henry*.

*Bening:* Pardon my Lord, I sawe you not till now.

*Chamb:* Good morrow good Lord *Howard*.

*How:* Your honors; The like to you my Lords.

*Tame:* With all my hart Lord *Howard*.

*Cham.* Forward I pray.

*Suff:* The suffolke men my Lord, was to the Queene  
The very stayres, by which she did ascend:  
Shee's greatly bound vnto them for their loues.

*Enter Cardinall of Winchester.*

*Winch:* Good morrow Lords, attend the Queene into the pre-  
*Suff:* Your duties Lords- (fence.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Tame bearing the purse: Shandoyse the Mace: Howard  
the Septer; Suffex the Crowne: then the Queene; after her  
the Cardinall, Sentlo, Gage, and attendants.*

*Quee:* By gods assistance and the power of heauen,  
We are instated in our brothers throane,  
And all those powers, that war'd against our right,  
By helpe of heauen and your freindly ayde,  
Disper'ft and fled, heere may we sit secure,  
Our heart is ioyfull Lords, our peace is pure.

*Enter Dodds.*

*Dodds:* I doe beech your Maiesty peruse this poore petition.

*Quee:* O master *Dodds* we are indebted to you for your loue,  
You stood vs in great stead euen in our ebb  
Of fortune, when our hopes were neere declin'd,  
And when our state did beare the lowest faile,  
Which we haue reason to requite we know;  
Read his petition my good Lord *Cardinall*.

*Dodds:* Oh, gracious Soueraigne, let my Lord the Duke haue  
The perusing of 't, or any other that is neere your grace,  
He will be to our suit an opposite.

*Winch:* And reason fellow.

Madam,



## You know no bodie.

Madam, here is a large recitall & vpbayding of your highnes Soueraignty, the Suffolke men that lifted you to the throne, and heere posselt you, claime your promise you made them about religion.

*Dodds:* True gracious Soueraigne;  
But that we doe vpbayd your Maiefty,  
Or make recitall of our deedes forepast,  
Other then conscience, honesty and zeale,  
By loue, by faith, and by our dutie bound,  
To you the next and true successiue heyre,  
If you contrary this; I needs must say,  
Your skillesse tongue doeth make our well tun'd words,  
Iarr in the Princeesse eares, and of our text,  
You make a wronge construction: Gracious Queene,  
Your humble subiects prostrate in my mouth,  
A generall suit when we first flockt to you,  
And made first head with you at Fromaghnam,  
Twas thus concluded, that we your leigemen  
Should still enioy our consciences, and vse that faith  
Which in King *Edwards* dayes was held Canonically.

*Winch:* May't please your highnes note the Comons insolence,  
They tye you to conditions, and set lymits to your liking.

*Quee:* They shall know,  
To whome their faithfull duties they doe owe,  
Synce they the lymbes, the head would seeke to sway,  
Before they gouerne, they shall learne t'obay:  
See it seuerely ordred *Winchester*.

*Winch:* Away with him, it shalbe throughly scand,  
And you vppon the pillory, three dayes to stand. (*Exit Dodds.*)

*Ben:* Has not your sifter (Gracious Queene) a hand  
In these petitions; well your highnes knowes  
She is a fauorite of these heretiques.

*Winch:* And well remembred, is't not probable  
That she in *Wyats* expedition,  
And other insurrections lately queld,  
Was a confederate; if yo ur highnes will your owne estate preserue,  
You must foresee fore-danger, and cut off all such  
As would your fastie preiudice.



## *If you know not me,*

*Bening:* Such is your sister,  
A meere opposite to vs in our opinion, and besides  
Shes next Successiue, should your maiesty dye yssules,  
Which heauen defend.

*Omnes:* Which heauen defend.

*Bening:* The state of our religion would decline.

*Quee:* My Lords of *Tame* and *Shandoyse*,  
You two shall haue a firme Commission seal'd,  
To fetch our sister young *Elizabeth*  
From *Ashbridge* where shee lyes, and with a band  
Of armed souldiers to conduct her vp to *London*,  
Where we will heare her.

*Sentlo:* Gracious *Queene*, she only craues but to behold your face,  
That she might cleare her selfe of all supposed treasons,  
Still protesting, she is as true a Subiect to your Grace,  
As liues this day.

*Winch:* Doe not you heare, with what a sawcye impudence,  
This *Sentlow* heere presumes.

*Quee:* Away with him, ile teach him know his place,  
To frowne when we frowne, smile on whome we grace.

*Winch:* Twilbe a meanes to keepe the rest in awe,  
Making their soueraignes brow, to them a lawe.

*Quee:* All those that seeke our sisters cause to fauour,  
Let them be lodged.

*Winch:* Young *Courtney* earle of *Deuonshire*,  
Seemes cheifly to affect her faction,

*Quee:* Commit him to the Tower,  
Till time affordes vs and our Counsell breathing space.  
Whence is that Post?

*(A Horne within.*

*Const:* My Soueraigne, It is from *Southampton*.

*Quee:* Our Secretary, vnseale them and returne  
Vs present answere of the contents;  
Whats the mayne busines?

*(She speakes to the  
(Lo: Constable.*

*Const,* That *Phillip* Prince of Spaine,  
Sonne to the Emperour, is safely ariu'd,  
Aud landed at *Southampton*.

*Quee:* Prepare to meete him Lords with all our Pompe.

*How:* Prepare you Lords with our fayre *Queene* to ride,

And



*you know no bodie.*

And his high princely state let no man hide.

*Queen.* Set forward Lord, this sudden newes is sweete,  
Two royall Louers on the way may meete. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter M. Gage, and a Gentlewomen.*

*Gage.* Good morrow Mistresse, came you from the Princess?

*Wom.* Master Gage, I did.

*Gage.* How fares her Grace?

*Wom.* O wondrous crazey, gentle master Gage,  
Her sleepes are all vnquiet: and her head  
Beats and growes giddy with continuall griefe.

*Gage.* God grant her comfort, and releafe her paine:  
So good a Ladie few on earth remaine.

*Enter the Clowne.*

*Clowne.* O Arme, arme, arme.

*Gage.* How now what's the matter?

*Clowne.* O Lord the house is beset, souldiers are as hotte as fire,  
Are ready to enter euery hole about the house,  
For as I was a'th toppe of the stacke, the sound of the drumme  
Hott me such a Box a'th Eare, that I came tumbling downe,  
The stacke with a thousand byllets a'th top on me, looke about,  
And helpe for Gods sake.

*Gage.* Heauen guard the Princess, grant that all be well,  
This drumme I feare, will prooue her passing-bell.

*Enter Tame and Shandoyse with souldie drs, drum, &c.*

*Tame.* Wher's the Princess?

*Gage.* O my honor'd Lords,  
(May I with reuerence presume to aske)  
What meanes these armes: why doe you thus begirt,  
A poore weake Lady, neere at point of death?

*Shand.* Resolue the Princess we must speake with her.

*Wom.* My Lords, know there is no admittance to her presence,  
without the leaue first granted from her seife.

*Tame.* Goe tell her, we must and will.

*Wom.* Ile certifie so much.

*Exit woman.*

*Gage.* My Lords as you are honourably borne,  
As you did loue her father, or her brother,

B

As

## *If you know not me,*

As you doe owe aleagence to the Queene,  
In pittie of her weaknes and low state,  
VVith best of fauour, her commisserate.

*Enter Woman.*

*Wom:* Her Giace intreates you but to stay till morne?  
And then your message shall be heard at full.

*Shand:* Tis from the Queene, and we will speake with her.

*Wom:* Ile certifie so much.

*Tame:* It shall not neede, presse after her my Lord.

*Enter Elizabeth in her bed, Doctor Owin,  
and Doctor Wendish.*

*Eliz.* VVe are not pleas'd with your intrusions Lords.  
Is your hast such, or your affaires so vrgent,  
That suddenly, and at this time of night,  
You presse on me, and will not stay till morne?

*Tame:* Sorry wee are sweete Lady to behold you in this sad

*Eliz.* And I my Lords not glad. (plight.

My heart, oh how it beats.

*Shand:* Madam, our messuage and our dutie from our Queene,  
VVe come to tender you: It is her pleasure,  
That you the 7. day of this moneth appeare at *Westminster*.

*Eliz.* At *Westminster*? My Lords no soule more glad then I,  
To doe my duetie to her Maistie,  
But I am sorry at the heart, my heart, oh good *Doctor* rayse me:  
Oh my heart, I hope my Lords, considering my extremitie and  
weaknes, you will dispence a little with your hast.

*Tame, Doctor Owin, and Doctor Wendish,*

You are the Queenes Physitions truely sworne,  
On your alleagance, as before her highnesse you will answere it,  
Speake, may the Princessse be remoou'd with life?

*D. Owin.* Not without danger Lords, yet without death,  
Her feauer is not mortall; yet you see into what danger  
It hath brought the Princessse.

*Shand:* Is your opinion so?

*D. Wend.* My Iudgment is, not deadly, but yet dangerous,  
No sooner shall she come to take the ayre  
But she will faint, and if not well prepar'd and attended,  
Her life is in much danger.

*Tame:*



*you know no bodie.*

*Tame:* Madam, we take no pleasure to deliuer  
So strict a messuage.

*Eliz.* Nor I my Lords to heare a messuage deliuerd  
with such strictnes; well, must I goe?

*Shand:* So sayes the Queene.

*Eliz.* Why then it must be so?

*Tame:* To morrow earely then you must prepare.

*Eliz:* Tis many a morrow since my feeble leggs,  
Felt this my bodies waight: O I shall faint,  
And if I taste the rawnesse of the ayre,  
I am but dead, indeed I am but dead.

Tis late, conduct these Lords vnto their chambers,  
And cheere them well, for they haue iorneyd hard,  
VWhil'st we prepare vs for our morrowes lorney.

*Shand.* Madam, the Queene hath sent her Litter for you.

*Eliz.* The Queene is kind, and we will striue with death,  
To tender her our life,

VVe are her subiect and obey her hest:

Good night, we wish you what we want,

Good rest.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Queene Mary, Philip, and all the  
Nobles; but Tame, and Shandoyse.*

*Queen:* Thus in the face of heauen, and broad eye of all the  
We giue a welcome to the Spanish Prince; (multitude,  
Those plausiue shouts which giue you entertaine,  
Ecchoes as much to the Almightyes eares,  
And there they sound with pleasure, and excels  
The claymorous trumpets, and loud ringing bells.

*Phil.* Thrise excellent and euer gracious Princeesse,  
Doubly famous for vertue and for beautie,  
We imbrace your large stretcht honors with the armes of loue;  
Our royall Marriage, treated first in heauen  
To be solemniz'd here, both by Gods voyce,  
And by our loues consent, we thus embrace:  
Now Spaine and England two populous Kingdomes,  
That haue a long time been oppos'd  
In hostile emulation, shall be at one:

This shalbe Spanish England, ours English Spaine.

## *If you know not me,*

*Queen.* Harke the redoubling ecchoes of the people, (*Florish.*  
How it proclaymes their loues; and welcome to this Vnion.

*Phil.* Then here before the Pillars of the Land,  
We doe embrace and make a publique contract.  
Our soules are ioyfull, then bright Heauens smile,  
Whil'st we proclayme our new vnited Scile.

*Quee.* Read *Suffex.*

*Suffex* reads.

Philip and Mary, by the grace of God, King and Queene of Eng-  
land, Spayne, France, and Ireland; King and Queene of  
Naples, Sciscillia, Leon & Aragon, Arch-duke & Dutches  
of Austria, Burgondy, of Brabant, Zeland, of Holland:  
Prince and Princessse of Sweaue, Count and Countesse Has-  
bidge, Maliorca, Sardinia, of the firme Land, and the  
maine Ocean Sea; Palatins of Ierusalem, of Henolt; Lord  
and Lady of Freeceland, and of the Isles: And Gouvernor and  
Gouernesse of all Africa, and Asia.

*Omnes.* Long liue the King and Queene, *A florish.*  
*King, & Quee:* We thanke you all.

*Con:* VVhen please your Highnesse to solemnize this your  
Nuptials?

*Quee:* The 25. day of this month Iuly.

*Phil:* It likes vs well: but royall Queene we want  
One Lady at this high solemnitie:  
VVe haue a siller call'd *Elizabeth*,  
VVhose vertues, and endowments of the mind,  
Hath fill'd the eares of Spaine.

*Winch.* Great are the causes, now too long to say,  
VVhy shce my Soueraigne should be kept away.

*Con:* The Lord of *Tame*, and *Shandoyse* are return'd.

*Enter Tame and Shandoyse, and Gage.*

*Quee:* How faies our Siller? Is she come along?

*Tame:* VVe found the Princessse sicke, and in great danger;  
Yet did we vrge our strickt Comm fission:  
She much intreated that she might be spa'd,  
Vntill her health and strength may be restor'd.

*Shan.* Two of your Highnesse Doctors we then call'd,

And



## *You know no bodie.*

And charg'd them, as they would answere it,  
To tell the truth, if that our iourneys toyle  
Might be no preiudice vnto her life;  
Or if we might with safetie bring her thence:  
They answered, that we might; we did so,  
Here she is, to doe her dutie to your Maiestie.

*Quee.* Let her attend, we will find time to heare her.

*Phil.* But royall Queene, yet for her vertues sake,  
Deeme her offences, if she haue offended,  
With all the lenitie a Sister can.

*Quee.* My Lord of Winchester, my Lord of Suffex,  
Lord Howard, Tame, and Shandoyse,  
Take you Commission to examine her  
Of all supposed Crimes; so to our Nuptials.

*Phil.* What Festiuall more royall hath been seene,  
Than twixt Spaines Prince, and Englands Royall Queene.

*Enter Elizabeth, her Gentlewoman, and three Houshol seruants.* *Exeunt.*

*Eliz.* Is not my Gentleman Vsher yet return'd?

*Wom.* Madam, not yet.

*Eliz.* O God, my feare hath been good phisicke,  
But the Queens displeasure, that hath cur'd my bodies imperfe-  
Hath made me hart sick, brain sick, & sick euen to death: (Otion,  
What are you?

*I Ser.* Your hushold Officers, and humble seruants,  
Who now your house faire Princeesse is dissolu'd  
And quite broke vp, come to attend you grace.

*Eliz.* We thanke you, and am more indebted for your loues,  
Than we haue power, or vertue to requite,  
Alas I am all the Queens, yet nothing of my selfe,  
But God and Innocence, be you my Patrons & defend my cause.  
Why weepe you Gentlemen?

*Cookes.* Not for our selues, men are not made to weepe  
At their owne fortunes, our eyes are made of fire,  
And to extract water from fire is hard,  
Nothing but such a Princeesse grieffe as yours,  
So good a Ladie, and so beautifull, so absolute a Mistresse,  
And perfect, as you haue euer been,

## *If you know not me,*

Haue power to do't, your sorrow makes vs sad.

*Eliz:* My Innocence yet makes my heart as light,  
As my front's heauie: all that heauen sends is welcome.  
Gentlemen diuide these few crownes amongst you,  
I am now a prisoner, and shall want nothing,  
I haue some friends about her Maiestie,  
That are prouiding for me all things, all things:  
I, euen my graue, and being posselt of that,  
I shall need nothing; weepe not I pray,  
Rather you should reioyce:  
If I miscarrie in this enterprisc, and aske you why,  
A Virgine and a Martyr both I die.

*Enter Gage.*

*Gage.* He that first gaue you life, protect that life,  
From those that wish your death.

*Eliz:* Whats my offence? who be my accusers?

*Gage.* Madam, that the Queen and Winchester best knowes.

*Eliz:* What sayes the Queene vnto my late petition?

*Gage.* You are deny'd that grace:  
Her Maiestie will not admit you conference,  
Sir *William Sentlo* vrging that motion,  
Was first committed, since sent to the Tower.  
Madam, in brieft your foes are the Quenes friends,  
Your friends her foes,  
Six of the Counsell are this day appointed,  
To examine you of certaine Articles.

*Eliz:* They shalbe welcome; my God in whome I trust,  
Will helpe, deliuer, saue, defend the iust.

*Enter Winchester, Suffex, Howard, Tame,  
Shandoyse, and Constable.*

*Suff:* All forbear this place vnlesse the Princeesse.

*Winch:* Madam, we from the Queene are ioyn'd *(They sit:*  
in full Commission. *(she kneels.*

*Suff:* By your fauour good my Lord ere you proceed,  
Madam, although this place doth tye you to this reuerence,  
It becomes not you being a Princeesse, to deiect your knee,  
A chaire there.

*Eliz:* My dutie with my fortunes doe agree,

And



## You know no bodie.

And to the Queene in you I bend my knee.

*Suff:* You shall not kneele where *Sussex* sits in place,  
The Chamber keeper, a chaire there for her Grace.

*Winch:* Madam, perhaps you censure hardly,  
That twas enforc't in this Commission.

*Eliz:* Know you your owne guilt my good Lord Chancellor,  
That you accuse your selfe, I thinke not so,  
I am of this minde, no man is my foe.

*Winch:* Madam, I would you wold submit vnto her highnes.

*Eliz:* Submit my Lord of Winchester, tis fit  
That none but base offenders should submit,  
No no my Lord, I easily spie your drift,  
Hauing nothing whereon you can accuse me,  
Doe seeke to haue my selfe, my selfe betray,  
So by my selfe my owne blood should be spilt.  
Confesse submission, I confesse a guilt.

*Tame.* What answere you to *Wiats* late rebellion,  
Madam, tis thought that you did set them on.

*Eliz:* Who is't will say so? men may much suspect,  
But yet my Lord, none can my life detect,  
I a confederate with those kentish rebels?  
If I ere saw or sent to them, let the Queene take my head,  
Hath not proud *Wyat* suffered for his offence?  
And in the purging both of soule and bodie for heauen,  
Did *Wyat* then accuse *Elizabeth*?

*Suff:* Madam, he did not.

*Eliz:* My reuerent Lord I know it;

*How:* Madam, he would not.

*Eliz:* Oh my good Lord, he could not.

*Suff:* Tis the same day *Frogmorton* was arraign'd in the Guild-hall,  
It was impos'd on him, whether this Princesse had a hand  
With him or no; he did denie it,  
Cleer'd her fore his death, yet accus'd others.

*Eliz:* My God be pray'd, this is newes but of a minute old.

*Shand.* What answere you to Sir *Peter Carew* in the west,  
The western Rebels.

*Eliz.* Aske the vnborne Infant, see what that will answere,  
For that and I, are both alike in guilt,

Let

## *If you know not me,*

Let not by rigour innocent blood be spilt.

*Winch:* Come Madam, answere briefly to these treasons.

*Eliz:* Treason my Lords, if it be treason to be daughter  
To th'Eight *Henrie*, Sister to *Edward*, and the next of blood vn-  
to my gracious Soueraigne now the Queene, I am a Traitor: If  
not, I spit at treason.

In *Henries* raigne this law could not haue stood,  
O God that we should suffer for our blood.

*Const.* Madam, the Queen must heare you sing another song  
Before you part with vs.

*Eliz:* My God doth know, I can no note but truth,  
That with Heauens King  
One day in quiers of Angels I shall sing.

*Winch.* Then Madam, you'le not submit.

*Eliz.* My life I will, but not as guiltie:  
My Lords, let pale offenders pardon craue,  
If we offend, Law's rigour let vs haue.

*Winch:* You are stubborne, come let's certifie the Queene.

*Tame.* Rowme for the Lords there.

*Exeunt*

*Eliz:* Thou power eternall, Innocents iust guide, (*Counsell.*)  
That swayes the Scepter of all Monarchies,  
Protect the guiltlesse from these rauening lawes,  
That hidious death presents, by Tyrants lawes,  
And as my heart is to thee most pure,  
Graunt me release, or patience to endure.

*Enter Gage and Seruants.*

*Gage.* Madam, we your poore humble seruants,  
Made bold to presse into your Graces presence,  
To know how your cause goes.

*Eliz:* Well, well, I thanke my God, well,  
How can a cause goe ill with Innocents,  
They that to whome wrongs in this world are done,  
Shalbe rewarded in the world to come.

*Enter the six Counsellors.*

*Winch:* It is the pleasure of her Maiestie,  
That you be straight committed to the Tower.

*Eliz:* The Tower! for what?

(*ged,*

*Winch:* Moreouer all your household seruants we haue dicbar-  
Except









## *You know no bodie.*

Thus did the Queene commaund,  
And for your guard, a hundred Northen white cotes  
Are appoynted to conduct you thither,  
To night unto your chamber, to morrow early prepare  
You for the Tower, your barge stands ready  
To conduct you thither.

*Shee kneels.*

*Quee:* Oh god my hart: A prisoner in the Tower,  
Speake to the Queene my Lords, that some other place  
May lodge her sister, that's too vild, too base.

*Suff:* Come my Lords, lett's all ioyne in one petcion  
To the Queene, that she may not be lodg'd within the Tower.

*Winch:* My Lord, you know it is in vaine,  
For the Queenes sentence is definitiue,  
And we must see't perform'd.

*Eliz:* Then to our chamber comfortlesse and sad,  
To morrow to the Tower that fatall place,  
Where I shall neuer behold the sunnes bright face.

*Suff:* Now god forbid, a better hap heauen send:  
Thus men may mourne for what they cannot mend.

*(Exeunt*

*(Omnes.*

*Enter three white-cote souldiers with a  
Iack of beere.*

**1:** Come my masters you know your chardge, tis now about  
A leauen, here we must watche till morning,  
And then carry the Princeesse to the tower.

**2:** How shall we spend the time till morning?

**3:** Masse weele drinck and talke of our frendes.

**2:** I but my fiende, do not talke of state matters.

**1:** Not I, ile not meddle with the state,  
I hope this a man may say without offence,  
Prethee drinke to me.

**3:** With all my hart yfayth, this a man might lawfully speake,  
But now, faith what wast about to say.

**1:** Masse I say this; That the Lady Elizabeth is both a Lady,  
And Elizabeth, and if I should say she were a vertuous Princeesse,  
Were there any harme in that?

**2:** No by my troth, ther's no harme in that,  
But beware of talking of the Princeesse,

Let's meddle with our kindred, there we may be bold,

C

**1:** Well

## *If you know not me,*

1: Well firs I haue two sisters, and the one loues the other,  
And would not send her to prison for a million, is there any harme  
In this? ile keepe my selfe within compas I warrant you,  
For I do not talke of the Queene, I talke of my sisters,  
Ile keepe my selfe within my compas I warrant you.

2: I but Sir, that word sister goes hardly downe.

1: Why Sir, I hope a man may be bold with his owne,  
I learn'd that of the Queene, ile keepe my selfe within compas  
Ile warrant you.

2: I but Sir, why is the Princess committed?

1: It may be she doth not know her selfe,  
It may be the Queene knowes not the cause,  
It may be my lord of Winchester does not know,  
It may be so, nothings vnpossible to god,  
It may be ther's knauery in Monckery,  
Ther's nothing vnpossible, is there any harme in that?

2: Shoemaker, you goe alittle beyond your last.

1: Why, in saying nothing's vnpossible to god,  
Ile stand to it; for saying a truth's a truth, ile prooue it;  
For saying there may be knauery in Monckery, ile iustifie it,  
I do not say there is, but may be, I know what I know,  
You know what you know, he knowes what he knowes,  
Marry we know not what euery may knowes.

3: My masters, we haue talkt so long that I thinke tis day.

1: I thinke so too, is there any harme in all this?

2: No harme ith world.

3: And I thinke by this time the Princess is ready  
To take her barge.

1: Come then let's goe, would all were well,  
Is there any harme in all this? but alas wishes and teares  
Haue both one property, they shew their loue that  
want the remedy.

(Exeunt  
(Omnes.

*Enter Winchester and Beningfield.*

Winch: Did you not marke what a pitious eye she cast  
To the Queenes window as she past a long?  
Fayne she would haue stayd, but that I caus'd  
The bargemen to make hast and row away.

Bening: The bargemen were too desperate my Lord,

In



*you know no bodie.*

In staying till the water was so lowe,  
For then you know, being vnderneath the bridge,  
The barges sterne did strike vpon the ground,  
And was in danger to haue dround vs all.

*Winch:* Well she hath scapt that danger,  
Would she but conforme her selfe in her opinion,  
She only might rely vpon my loue,  
To winne her to the fauour of the Queene.

*Bening:* But that will neuer be, this is my censure,  
If she be guiltly in the least degree,  
May all her wronges suruiue and light on her:  
If other wayes that she be cleered,  
Thus both wayes I wish her downe,  
Or els her state to rayse.

*Enter Suffex, Tame, Howard,  
Shandoyse, and Gage.*

*Suff:* Why doth the Princeesse keepe her barge so longe,  
Why lands she not? Some one goe see the cause.

*Gage:* That shall be my charge my Lord. *(Exit Gage.)*

*Suff:* Oh me my Lords, her state is wondrous hard,  
I haue seene the day, my hand ide not haue lent  
To bring my Soueraignes Sister to the Tower:  
Good my Lords, stretch your commission  
To do this Princeesse but some little fauour.

*Shan:* My Lord, my lord, let not the loue we beare the Princeesse,  
Incurre the Queenes displeasure, tis no dallying with matters of  
Estate, who dares gaine-say the Queene?

*Suff:* Marry a God not I, no, no, not I;  
Yet who shall hinder these my eyes to sorrow  
For her sorrow: By Gods marry deere,  
That the Queene could not, though her selfe were heere:  
My Lords, my Lords, if it were held fowle treason,  
To grieue for her hard vsage, by my soule  
My eyes would hardly prooue me a true subiect:  
But tis the Queenes pleasure, and we must obay:  
But I shall mourne, should the King and Queene say nay.

*Enter Gage.*

*Gage:* My griued Mistresse humbly thus intreated,

*If you know not me,*

For to remooue backe to the Common stayres,  
And not to land where Traytors put to shore,  
Some difference she intreates your Honors make  
Twixt Christall Fountayne, and fowle muddy Springs,  
Twixt those that are condemned by the law,  
And those whome Treasons staine did neuer blemish:  
Thus she attends your answer, and sits still  
Whilst her wet eyes, full many a teare dyd spill.

*Suff:* Marry a God, tis true and tis no reason: Lanch Bargeman,  
Good Lady, land where Traytors vse to land,  
And fore her guilt be proou'd, Gods marry no,  
And the Queene wils it, that it should be so.

*Shan:* My Lord, you must looke into our Commission,  
No fauo'rs granted, she of force must land,  
Tis a decree which we cannot withstand,  
So tell her master *Gage*.

*Exit Gage.*

*Suff:* As good a Lady as ere England bread,  
Would he that caus'd this woe, had lost his head.

*Enter Gage, Elizabeth and Clarentia her  
gentlewoman.*

*Gage:* Madam, you haue stept too short into the water.

*Eliz:* No matter where I tread,  
Would where I set my foote, there lay my head,  
Land Traytor-like; my foot's wet in the flood,  
So shall my heart ere long be drencht in blood.

*Enter Constable.*

*Winch:* Here comes the Constable of the Tower,  
This is your charge.

*Const:* And I receiue my prisoner, come will you goe?

*Eliz:* Whither my Lord, vnto a grate of Iron,  
Where greife and care my poore hart shall enuiron,  
I am not well.

*Suff:* A chayre for the Princeesse.

*Const:* Here's no chayre for prisoners,  
Come will you see your chamber.

*Eliz:* Then on this stone this cold stone will I sit,  
I needes must say you hardly me intreate,  
When for a chayre, this hard stone is my seate.

*Suff.*



*you know no bodie.*

*Sus:* My Lord, you deale too cruelly with the Princeſſe,  
You knew her father, ſhee's no ſtranger to you.

*Tame:* Madam it raynes.

*Sus:* Good Lady take my cloake.

*Eliz:* No let it alone: See gentle-men,  
The pitious heauens weepes teares into my boſome,  
On this cold ſtone I ſit, raine in my face,  
But better heere, than in a worſer place  
Where this bad man will lead me.

*Clarentia:* Reach my booke, now leade me where you pleaſe  
From ſight of day; or in a dungeon; I ſhall ſee to pray.

*Sus:* Nay, nay, you need not bolt and locke ſo faſt, *Ezit Eliz:*  
Shee is no ſtarter; honorable Lords, *Gage: Claren:*  
Speake to the Queene ſhe may haue ſome releaſe. *Conſta:*

*Enter Conſtable.*

*Conſt:* So, ſo, let me alone, let me alone to coope her,  
Ile uſe her ſo, the Queene ſhall much commend  
My diligent care.

*How:* Where haue you left the Princeſſe?

*Conſt:* Where ſhe is ſafe ynough I warrant you,  
I haue not graunted her the priuiledge  
Of any walke, or garden, or to ope  
Her windowes, caſements to receiue the ayre.

*Sus:* My Lord, my lord, you deale without reſpect,  
And worſe than your Commiſſion can maintaine.

*Conſt:* My Lord, I hope I know my office well,  
And better than your ſelfe within this place,  
Then teach not me my dutie, ſhe ſhalbe uſd ſo ſtill,  
The Queene commaunds, and ile obay her will,

*Sus:* But if this time ſhould alter, marke me well,  
Could this be answer'd, could it fellowe Peeres?  
I thinke not ſo.

*Conſt:* Tuiſh, tuiſh, the Queene is yong likely to beare  
Of her owne body a more royall heyre.

*Enter Gage.*

*Gage:* My Lords the Princeſſe humbly entreats,  
That her owne ſeruants may beare vp her dyet;  
A company of baſe vntuicord ſlaues,

## *If you know not me,*

Whose hands did neuer serue a Princeesse boord,  
Doe take that priuiledge.

*Const:* Twas my appoint ment, and it shall be so.

*Suss:* Gods marry deere, but it shall not be,  
Lord *Howard* ioynē with me, weele to the king.

*Enter souldiers with dishes.*

*Gage.* Stay good my Lords for instance, see they come,  
If this be seemely, let your honours iudge.

*Suss.* Come, come my Lords, why doe we stay so long,  
The Queenes high fauour shall amend this wrong.

*Const:* Now sir, what haue you got by your complayning, you common finde-fault; what, is your Mistresse stomacke so queasie? our honest souldiers must not touch her meat, then let her fast: I know her stomacke will come downe at last.

*Exeunt omnes,  
prater consta.  
and Gage.*

*Enter souldiers with more dishes, Gage takes  
one from them.*

*Gage.* Vntutor'd slaue, Ile ease thee of this burthen,  
Her highnesse scornes to touch the dishe  
Her seruants brings not vp.

*Const.* Presume to touch a dish, ile lodge thee there  
Where thou shalt see no sunne for one whole yeare: *Exit: Const:*

*Gage:* I would to God you would, in any place  
Where I might liue from thought of her disgrace. *& souldiers.*

O thou all-seeing heauens, with pitious eyes,  
Looke on th'oppressions of their crueltie!  
Let not thy truth, by falshood be opprest,  
But let her vertues shyne and giue her rest,  
Confound the sleights, and practise of those men,  
Whose pride doe kicke against thy seat of heauen.  
Oh draw the courtaines from their filthy sinne,  
And make them loath the hell which they liue in.  
Prosper the Princeesse, and her life defend,  
A glorious comfort to her troubles send.  
If euer thou hadst pitie, heare my prayer,  
And giue releasement to a Princes care.

*Exit Gage.  
A dumbe*



## You know no bodie.

*A dumbe show. Enter sixe with Torches.*

*Tame* and *Shandoyse*, bare-headed, *Philip* and *Mary* after them: then *Winchester*, *Beningfield*, and *Attendants*: at the other doore *Sussex* & *Howard*, *Sussex* delivers a petition to the king, the king shewes it to the Queene, she shewes it to *Winchester* and to *Beningfield*: they storme, the king whispers to *Sussex*, and raises him and *Howard*, giues them a petitiō; they take their leaues and depart, the king whispers a litle to the Queene.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Constable and Gage.*

*Gage*: The Princessse thus intreats you honor'd Lord,  
She may but walke in the lifestenants garden,  
Or els repose her selfe in the Queenes Lodgings:  
My honor'd Lord, grant this as you did loue  
The famous *Henry* her deceased father.

*Const.* Come, talke not to me for I am resolu'd,  
Nor lodging, garden, nor lieftenants walkes  
Shall here be granted, shee's a prisoner.

*Gage*. My Lord, they shall.

*Const.* How, shall they knaue?

*Gage*. If the Queene please, they shall.  
A noble and right reuered Counsellor,  
Promist to begge it of her Maiestie:  
And if she say the word, my Lord she shall.

*Const.* I, if she say the word, it shall be so:  
My Lord of *Winchester* speakes the contrary,  
So do the Clergie they are honest men.

*Gage*: My honor'd Lord, why should you take delight  
To torture a poore Lady innocent?  
The Queene I know when she shall heare of this,  
Will greatly discommend your crueltie.  
You seru'd her father, and he lou'd you well,  
You seru'd her brother, and he held you deare,  
And can you hate the sister hee best lou'd?  
You serue her sister, she esteemes you hie,  
And you may liue to serue her ere you dye:  
And therefore good my Lord, let this preuaile,  
Onely, the casements of her window ope.

## *If you know not me,*

Whereby she may receiue fresh glad some ayre.

*Const:* O you preach well to deafe men! no, not I;  
So letters may fly in, Ile none of that,  
She is my prisoner, and if I durst,  
But that my warrant is not yet so strickt,  
Ide lay her in a dungeon where her eyes  
Should not haue light to read her prayer booke;  
So would I danger both her soule and body,  
Cause she an alyen is to vs chatholiques,  
Her bed should be all snakes, her rest dispayre,  
Torture should make her curse her faithles prayer.

*Enter Sussex, Howard, and seruants.*

*Suss:* My lord, it is the pleasure of the Queene,  
The prisoner Pr ncesse should haue all the vse  
Of the lieftenants garden, the Queens lodgings,  
And all the libertyes this place affords.

*Const:* What meanes her grace by that?

*Suss:* You may goe aske her and you will my Lord;  
Moreouer tis her highnes furdere pleasure,  
That her sworne seruants shall attend on her,  
Two gentlemen of her Ewry, two of her Pantry,  
Two of her Kitchin, and two of her wardrobe,  
Besides this gentleman here master *Gage*.

*Const:* The next wilbe her freedome, oh this madds me.

*How:* Which way lyes the Princesse.

*Const:* This way my Lord.

*How:* This wilbe glad tydings; come let's tell her grace.

*Gage:* Wilt please your honor, let my Lady *(Exunt omnes*  
Walke in the lieftenants garden, *(preter Constable & Gage.*

Or may but see the lodgings of the Queene,  
Or ope the casements to receiue fresh ayre,  
Shall she my Lord? shall she this freedome vse?  
She shall: for you can neither will nor chuse.  
Or shall she haue some seruants of her owne?  
To attend on her? I pray let it be so:

And let your looke no more poore prisoners daunt,  
I pay deny not what you needes must graunt.

*Exit Gage.*

*Const:* This base groome flowts me, oh this frets my heart!

These



*you know no bodie.*

These knaues will iet vpon their priuiledge,  
But yet ile vex her, I haue found the meanes:  
Ile haue my Cookes to dresse my meat with hers,  
And euery officer my men shall match,  
O that I could but draine her hearts deare blood,  
Oh it would feed me, doe my soule much good.

*Enter the Clowne beating a souldier; & Exeunt.*

*Then enter the Cooke beating another.*

*Const.* How now, what meane the fellow?

*Cooke.* Audacious slaue presuming in my place.

*Const.* Sir, t'was my pleasure, and I did command it.

*Cooke.* The proudest he that keepes within the Tower,  
Shall haue no eye into my priuate office.

*Const.* No sir; why? say tis I.

*Cooke.* Be it your selfe or any other here,  
Ile make him suppe the hottest broth I haue.

*Const.* You will not.

*Cooke.* Zounds I will:

I haue beene true to her, and will be still. *Exit Cooke.*

*Const.* Well, Ile haue this amended er't be long,  
And venge my selfe on her for all their wrong. *Ex. omnes.*

*Enter a Boy with a Nose-gay:*

*Boy.* I haue got another Nose-gay for my yong Lady,  
My Lord said I should be soundly whipt  
If I were scene to bring her any more,  
But yet ile venture once againe, she is so good,  
Oh heer's her chamber, Ile call and see if she be stirring,  
Where are you Lady? *Enter Eliz.*

*Eliz.* Welcome sweet boy, what hast thou brought me there?

*Boy.* Madam, I haue brought you another Nose-gay,  
But you must not let it be seen, for if it be,  
I shall be soundly whipt, indeede, indeed I shall.

*Eliz.* God a mercie boy, heer's to requite thy loue. *Exit Eliz.*

*Enter Constable, Suffex, Howard, and  
Attendants.*

*Const.* Stay him, stay him: oh haue I caught you sir,

D

Where

## *If you know not me,*

Where haue you beene?

*Boy:* To carry my yong Lady some more flowers.

*How:* Alas my Lord a child, pray let him goe.

*Const:* A craftie knaue my Lords, search him for Letters,

*Suff:* Letters my Lord, it is impossible.

*Const:* Come, tell me what letter thou carryedst her,  
Ile giue thee figgs and sugar plummes.

*Boy:* Will you indeede, well ile take your word,  
For you looke like an honest man.

*Const:* Now tell me what Letters thou deliuerdst.

*Boy:* Faith Gaffer I know no Letters but great *A*,  
*B*, and *C*; I am not come to *K* yet:

Now Gaffer will you giue me my sugar plummes?

*Const:* Yes marry will I, take him away,  
Let him be soundly whipt I charge you sirra.

*Enter Elizabeth, Gage and Clarentia.*

*Eliz:* They keepe euen Infants from vs, they doe well,  
My sight they haue too long bard, and now my smell:  
This Tower hath made me fall to hulwiffry,  
I spend my labours to releue the poore,  
Goe *Gage* distribute these to those that neede.

*Enter Winchester, Beningfield and Tame.*

*Win:* Madam, the Queene out of her royall bountie,  
Hath freed you from the thraldome of the tower,  
And now this Gentleman must be your gardyan.  
I thanke her, she hath ryd me of a Tyrant.  
Is he appointed now to be my keeper?  
What is he Lords?

*Tame:* A Gentleman in fauour with the Queene:

*Eliz:* It seemes so by his charge: but tell me *Gage*,  
Is yet the Scaffold standing on Tower hill,  
Whereon yong *Gilford* and the Lady *Iane* did suffer death?

*Gage:* Vpon my life it stands not.

*Eliz:* Lord *Howard*, what is he?

*How:* A Gendeman, tho of a sterne aspect,  
Yet milde enough I hope your Grace will finde.

*Eliz.* Hath he not thinke you a stretch't conscience,  
And if my secret murder should be put into his hands,

Hath



*you know no bodie.*

Hath he not heart thinke you to execute?

*How:* Defend it heauen, and Gods almightie hand,  
Betwixt your grace, and such intendments stand.

*Bening:* Come Madame, will you goe?

*Eliz.* With all our heart, fare-well, fare-well,

I am freed from Lymbo, to be sent to hell. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cooke and Pantler.*

*Cooke:* What storme comes next? this hath disperst vs quite  
And shattered vs to nothing; though we be deny'd the presence  
Of our Mistres, yet we will walke aloofe, and none controule vs.

*Pant:* Here will she crosse the riuer, stand in her eye,  
That she may take some note of our neglected duties.

*Enter three poore men.*

1. Come, this way they say, the sweete Princessse comes,  
Let vs present her with such tokens of good will,  
As we haue.

2. They say shee's such a vertuous Princessse, that shee  
Except of a cup of cold water, and I haue euen  
A nose-gay for her Grace, here she comes.

*Enter Elizabeth, Beningsfield, Gage and Tame.*

*Omnes:* The Lord preserue thy sweete Grace.

*Eliz:* What are these?

*Gage.* The townesmen of the country gathered here,  
To greet your Grace, hearing you passe this way.

*Eliz.* Giue them this gold, and thanke them for their loues.

*Ben.* What traytor knaues are gather'd here to make a tumult?

*Omnes:* Now the Lord blesse thy sweet grace.

*Benin:* If they persist, I charge you soldiers stop their mouthes.

*Eliz:* It shal not need, the poore are louing, but the rich dispise,  
And though you curbe their tongue, spare them their eres:

Your loue my smart alayes not, but prolongs,

Pray for me in your hearts not in your tongues.

See, see my Lord, looke I haue stild them all,

Not one amongst them, but debates my fall.

*Tame:* Alas, sir *Harry* these are honest countrey men,  
That much reioyce to see the Princessse well.

*Bening:* My Lord, my Lord, my charge is great.

*Tame:* And mine as great as yours.

*Bells*

*Bening:*

## *If you know not me,*

Where haue you beene?

*Boy:* To carry my yong Lady some more flowers.

*How:* Alas my Lord a child, pray let him goe.

*Const:* A craftie knaue my Lords, search him for Letters,

*Suff:* Letters my Lord, it is impossible.

*Const:* Come, tell me what letter thou carryedst her,  
Ile giue thee figgs and sugar plummes.

*Boy:* Will you indeede, well ile take your word,  
For you looke like an honest man.

*Const:* Now tell me what Letters thou deliuerdst.

*Boy:* Faith Gaffer I know no Letters but great *A*,  
*B*, and *C*; I am not come to *K* yet:

Now Gaffer will you giue me my sugar plummes?

*Const:* Yes marry will I, take him away,  
Let him be soundly whipt I charge you sirra.

*Enter Elizabeth, Gage and Clarentia.*

*Eliz:* They keepe euen Infants from vs, they doe well,  
My sight they haue too long bard, and now my smell:  
This Tower hath made me fall to hulwiffry,  
I spend my labours to releue the poore,  
Goe *Gage* distribute these to those that neede.

*Enter Winchester, Beningfield and Tame.*

*Win:* Madam, the Queene out of her royall bountie,  
Hath freed you from the thraldome of the tower,  
And now this Gentleman must be your gardyan.  
I thanke her, she hath ryd me of a Tyrant.  
Is he appointed now to be my keeper?  
What is he Lords?

*Tame:* A Gentleman in fauour with the Queene:

*Eliz:* It seemes so by his charge: but tell me *Gage*,  
Is yet the Scaffold standing on Tower hill,  
Whereon yong *Gilford* and the Lady *Iane* did suffer death?

*Gage:* Vpon my life it stands not.

*Eliz:* Lord *Howard*, what is he?

*How:* A Gendeman, tho of a sterne aspect,  
Yet milde enough I hope your Grace will finde.

*Eliz.* Hath he not thinke you a stretch't conscience,  
And if my secret murder should be put into his hands,

Hath



*you know no bodie.*

Hath he not heart thinke yon to execute?

*How:* Defend it heauen, and Gods almightie hand,  
Betwixt your grace, and such intendments stand.

*Bening:* Come Madame, will you goe?

*Eliz.* With all our heart, fare-well, fare-well,

I am freed from Lymbo, to be sent to hell. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cooke and Pantler.*

*Cooke:* What storme comes next? this hath disperst vs quite  
And shattered vs to nothing; though we be deny'd the presence  
Of our Mistres, yet we will walke aloofe, and none controule vs.

*Pant:* Here will she crosse the riuer, stand in her eye,  
That she may take some note of our neglected duties.

*Enter three poore men.*

1. Come, this way they say, the sweete Princeesse comes,  
Let vs present her with such tokens of good will,  
As we haue.

2. They say shee's such a vertuous Princeesse, that shee'll  
Except of a cup of cold water, and I haue euen  
A nose-gay for her Grace, here she comes.

*Enter Elizabeth, Beningsfield, Gage and Tame.*

*Omnes:* The Lord preferue thy sweete Grace.

*Eliz:* What are these?

*Gage.* The townesmen of the country gathered here,  
To greet your Grace, hearing you passe this way.

*Eliz.* Giue them this gold, and thanke them for their loues.

*Ben.* What traytor knaues are gather'd here to make a tumult?

*Omnes:* Now the Lord blesse thy sweet grace.

*Bening:* If they persist, I charge you soldiers stop their mouthes.

*Eliz:* It shal not need, the poore are louing, but the rich dispise,  
And though you curbe their tongue, spare them their eres:

Your loue my smart alayes not, but prolongs,  
Pray for me in your hearts not in your tongues.

See, see my Lord, looke I haue stild them all,

Not one amongst them, but debates my fall.

*Tame:* Alas, sir *Harry* these are honest countrey men,  
That much reioyce to see the Princeesse well.

*Bening:* My Lord, my Lord, my charge is great.

*Tame:* And mine as great as yours.

*Bells*

*Bening:*

## *If you know not me,*

*Bening.* Harke,harke my Lord, what Bels are these?

*Gage.* The Towne s-men of this village,  
Hearing your highnesse passe this way,  
Salutes your comming with a peale of Bels.

*Bening.* Traytors and knaues, ring Bels  
When the Queenes enemy passeth through the Towne,  
Goe let the knaues by'th heeles,make their pates ring noone,  
I charge thee *Barwick.* *Exit Barwick.*

*Eliz.* Alas poore men,help e them thou God aboue,  
Thus men are forst to suffer for my loue,  
VWhat sayd my seruants, those that stand a'ooofe?

*Gage.* They deeply coniur'd me out of their loues,  
To know how your case goes,which these poore people second,

*Eliz.* Say vnto them *Tanquam Ouis.*

*Bening.* Come away, this lingring will be-night vs.

*Tame.* Madam,this night your lodging's at my house,  
No prisoner are you Madam for this night.

*Bening.* How, no prisoner?

*Tame.* No, no prisoner, what I intend to doe, ile answere.  
Madam,wil't please you goe? *Exit Eliz. Bening, & Tame.*

*Cooke.* Now gentle Master Vsher, what sayes my Lady?

*Gage.* Thus did she bid me say, *tanquam Ouis,*  
Farewell, I must away. *Exit Gage.*

1. *Tanqus Ovrus*, pray what's *tanqus Ovrus* neighbour?

2. If the Priest were here hee'd smell it out straight.

*Cooke.* My selfe hath been a Scholler, and I vnderstand  
What *tanquam Ouis* meanes,  
VVe sent to know how her Grace did fare,  
She *tanquam Ouis* said, euen like a sheep  
That's to the slaughter led.

1. *Tanqus Ovrus*, that I should liue to see, *tanqus Ovrus!*

2. I shall neuer loue *tanquam Ovrus* againe, for this tricke.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Beningfield and Barwick his man.*

*Bening.* *Barwick*, is this the chaire of State?

*Bar.* I sir, This is it.

*Bening.* Take it downe, and pull off my boots.

*Bar.* Come on sir.

*Enter*



## You know no bodie.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clow:* O monstrous! what a sawsie companion's this?  
To pull of his bootes in the chayre of state;  
Ile fit you a penyworth for it.

*Bening:* Well said *Barwick*, pull knaue.

*Bar:* A ha Sir.

*The Clown pulls the chayre away.*

*Bening:* Well sayd, now't comes.

*Clo:* Gods pittie, I thinke you are downe, cry you marcy.

*Bening:* What faucy arrant Knaue art thou, how?

*Clo:* Not so sawcy an arrant knaue as your worship  
takes me to be.

*Bening:* Vi lain, thou hast broke my crooper.

*Clo:* I am sorry 'tis no worse for your worship.

*Bening:* Knaue, dost flout me? *He beats him, Exeunt.*

*Enter the Englishman & Spaniard.*

*Spa:* The wall, the wall,

*Eng:* Sblood *Spaniard*, you get no wall here, vnlesse you  
would haue your head and the wall knockt together.

*Spa:* Seignior *Cauallero D'anglatero*,  
I must haue the wall.

*Eng:* I doe protest, hadst not thou enforst it,  
I had not regarded it, but since you will needs  
Haue the wall, Ile take the paines to thrust  
You into the kennell.

*Spa:* O base *Cauellero*, my sword and poyard well  
Try'd in Tolledo, shall giue thee the *Imbrocado*.

*Eng:* Marry and welcome sir, come on. *They fight.*

*Spa:* Holo, holo, thou hast giuen me *he hurts the Spa-*  
Tho Canuissado.

*Eng:* Come sir, will you any more?

*Spa:* Seignior *Cauellero* looke behin't thee,  
A blade of Tolledo is drawne against thee.

*He looks back, he kills him.*

*Enter Philip, Howard, Suffex, Constable,  
and Gresham.*

*Phil.* Hand that Ignobie groome,  
Had we not beheld thy cowardize,  
We should haue sworne,

## *If you know not me,*

Such basenesse had not followed vs.

*Spa:* *Oh vstro mandado grand Emperato.*

*How:* Pardon him my Lord.

*Phil:* Are you respectles of our honor Lords,  
That you would haue vs bosome cowardice,  
I doe protest, the great Turkes Emperie  
Shall not redeeme thee from a fellons death:  
What place is this my Lords?

*Suff:* Charing Crosse my Leige.

*Phil.* Then by this crosse where thou hast done this murder,  
Thou shalt be hang'd, so Lords away with him. *Exit Spaniard.*

*Suff:* Your Grace may purchase glory from aboue,  
And intyer loue from all your peoples hearts,  
To make attone ment twixt the wofull Princeesse  
And our dread soueraigne, your most vertuous Queene.

*How:* It were a deed worthy of memorie.

*Const.* My Lord she's factious, rather could I wish  
She were married to some priuate Gentleman,  
And with her dower conuayd out of the land,  
Then here to stay and be a mutiner,  
So may your highnesse state be more secure:  
For whilst she liues, warres and commotions,  
Foule insurrections will be set abroch,  
I thinke twere not a misse to take her head:  
This Land would be in quiet were she dead.

*Suff:* O my Lord you speake not charitably.

*Phil:* Nor will we Lords embrace his heedles counsell.  
I doe protest as I am king of Spaine,  
My vtmost power ile stretch to make them friends,  
Come Lords let's in, my loue and wit ile try  
To end this iarre; the Queene shall not deny. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Elizabeth, Beningfield, Clarentia, Tame,  
Gage and Barwicke.*

*Eliz.* What fearefull terror doth assaile my heart?  
Good *Gage* come hither and resolue me true  
In thy opinion; shall I out-liue this night?  
I pre thee speake.

*Gage:* Out liue this night, I pray Madam why?

*Eliz.*



## *You know no bodie.*

*Eliz:* Then to be plaine, this night I looke to die.

*Gage.* O Madam, you were borne to better fortunes:  
That God that made you, will protect you still  
From all your enemies that wish you ill.

*Eliz:* My heart is fearefull.

*Gage.* O my honor'd Lord,  
As euer you were noble in your thoughts,  
Speake, shall my Ladie out-live this night, or no?

*Tame.* You much amaze me sir, else heauen forefend.

*Gage.* For if we should : imagine any plot,  
Pretending to the hurt of our deere Mistresse,  
I and my fellowes though farre vnable are  
To stand against your power, will die together.

*Tame.* And I with you would spend my deereſt blood,  
To doe that vertuous Ladie any good.

Sir *Harrie*, now my charge I muſt reſigne,  
The Ladie's wholly in your cuſtodie,  
Yet uſe her kindly as ſhe well deſerues,  
And ſo I take my leaue, Madam adue.

*Eliz.* My honor'd Lord farewell, vnwilling I  
With griefe and woe muſt continue,  
Helpe me to ſome inke and paper good Sir *Harrie*.

*Bening:* What to doe Madam?

*Eliz:* To write a letter to the Queene my Siſter.

*Bening:* I finde not that in my Commiſſion.

*Eliz:* Good Iaylor vrge not thy Commiſſion.

*Bening:* No Iaylor, but your Guardian Madam.

*Eliz:* Then reach me pen and inke.

*Bening:* Madam I dare not, my Commiſſion ſerues not.

*Eliz:* Thus you haue driuen me off from time to time,  
Still vrging me with your Commiſſion.  
Good Iaylor be not ſo ſeuere.

*Bening:* Good Madam I entreat you looſe that name  
Of Iaylor, twilbe a by-word to me and my poſteritie.

*Eliz:* As often as you name your Commiſſion,  
So often will I call you Iaylor.

*Bening.* Say I ſhould reach you pen, inke and paper,  
Who iſt dare beare a letter ſent from you?

*Eliz.*

## *If you know not me,*

*Eliz:* I doe not keepe a seruant so dishone ft,  
That would deny me that.

*Bening:* Who euer dares, none shall.

*Gage.* Madame, impose the Letter to my trust,  
Were I to beare it through a field of pikes,  
And in my way ten thousand arm'd men ambusht,  
Ide make my passage through the mid'ft of them,  
And perforce beare it to the Queene your sister.

*Bening:* Baddy of me, what a bould knaue's this?

*Eliz:* *Gage* leaue me to my selfe:  
Thou euerliuing power that guid'ft all harts,  
Giue ro my pen a true perswasive stile,  
That it may moue my impatient sisters eares,  
And vrge her to compassionate my woe.

*Shee writes:*

*Bening* field takes a booke and lookes into it.

*Bening:* What ha's she written here?  
Much suspected by me, nothing proou'd can be:  
*Finis* quoth *Elizabeth* the Prisoner.

*He reads.*

Marry a God; what's here an English bible?  
*Sanctum Maria*, pardon this prophanation of my heart,  
Water *Barwick*, water, Ile meddle with't no more.

*Eliz:* My heart is heauie, and mine eyes doe close,  
I am wearie with writing, sleepy on the sudden,  
*Clarentia*, leaue me, and command some musicke  
In the with-drawing chamber.

*Shee sleepes*

*Bening:* Your Letter shall be foorth comming Ladie,  
I will peruse it ere it scape me now.

*Exit Bening.*

*A Dumb show.*

Enter *Winchester*, *Constable*, *Barwick*, and *Fryars*: at the other  
dore, 2. *Angels*: the *Fryars* steps to her, offering to kill her:  
the *Angels* driue them back. *Exeunt*. The *Angel* opens the  
Bible, & puts it in her hands; *Exeunt Angels*: shee wakes.

*Eliz:* O God, how pleasant was this sleepe to me!  
*Clarentia*, saw'st thou nothing?

*Cla:* Madame, not I;  
I neare slept soundlier for the time.

*Eliz.* Nor herd'st thou nothing?

*Cla:* Neither Madame.

*Eliz:*



*you know no bodie.*

*Eliz.* Did'st not thou put this Booke into my hand?

*Cla:* Madam not I.

*Eliz:* Then twas by inspiration, heauen I trust  
With his eternall hand, will guide the iust.  
What Chart'rs this? *Who so putteth his trust in the Lord,*  
*Shall not be confounded:*

My Sauour thanks, on thee my hope I build,  
Thou lou'st poore Innocents, and art their shield.

*Enter Beningsfield, and Gage.*

*Bening:* Here haue you writ a long excuse it seemes,  
But no submission to the Queene your sister.

*Eliz:* Should they submit that neuer wrought offence?  
The lawe will alwaies quit wrong'd Innocence:

*Gage,* take my letter, and to the Lords commend my humble duty.

*Gage:* Madam I flie,  
To giue this letter to her Maiestie:  
Hoping when I returne,  
To giue you comfort that now sadly mourne.

*(Exeunt omnes*

*Bening:* I doe write and send, Ile crosse you still; *(preter Ben:*  
She shall not speake to any man aliue,  
But Ile ore-heare her, no letter nor no token  
Shall neuer haue accesse vnto her hands,  
But first Ile see it;  
So like a subiect to my Soueraignes state,  
I will pursue her with my deadly hate.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clowne:* O Sir *Harry*, you looke well to your office,  
Yonders one in the Garden with the Prince.

*Bening:* How knaue, with the Princessse? she parted euen now,

*Clowne.* I sir, that's all one, but she no sooner came into the  
Garden, but he leapt ore the wall, and there  
They are together busie in talke Sir.

*Bening:* Heer's for thy paines, thou art an honest fellow:  
Goe take a Guard and apprehend them straight. *(Exit Clowne)*

Bring them before me,  
O this well found out,  
Now will the Queene commend my diligent care,  
And praise me for my seruice to her Grace.

E

Ha,

## *If you know not me,*

Ha, traytors swarme so neere about my house,  
Tis time to looke into't;  
O well sayd *Barwicke*,  
Wher's the Prisoner?

*Enter Clowne, Barwick, and Souldiors, leading  
of a Goat, his sword drawne.*

*Clow*: Here he is in a liring my Lord.

*Bening*: Lord blesse vs, knaue what hast thou there?

*Clow*: This is he I told you was busie in talke with the *Princesse*:  
What a did there, you must get out of him by examination.

*Bening*: VVhy knaue, this is a beast.

*Clo*: So may your worship be for any thing I know,

*Bening*: What art thou knaue?

*Clow*: If your worship does not remember me,  
I hope your worships crooper doth:  
But if you haue any thing to say to this honest fellow,  
Who for his gray head and reuerent beard is so like,  
He may be a kinne to you.

*Bening*: A kinne to me, knaue Ile haue thee whipt.

*Clow*: Then your worship will crie quittance with my  
Posteriors for misvsing of yours.

*Bening*: Nay, but doest thou flout me still? *(He beats him.)*  
*Exeunt.*

*Enter Winchester Gresham with paper,  
Constable with a Pursuant.*

*Gresh*: I pray your Honor to regard my haist.

*Winch*: I know your businesse, and your haist shall stay,  
As you were speaking my Lord *Constable*.

*Const*: When as the King shall come to seale these writs.

*Gresh*: My Lord you know his highnesse treasure staies,  
And cannot be transported this three months,  
Vnlesse that now your honor seale my warrant.

*Winch*: Fellow what then? This warrant that concernes  
The *Princesse* death, shuffe in amongst the rest,  
Hee'le nere peru'st.

*Gresh*: How, the *Princesse* death? thanks heauen,  
By whome I am made a willing instrument her life to saue,  
That may liue crown'd when thou art in thy graue.

*Winch*:



*you know no bodie.*

*Winch:* Stand readie purseuant,  
That when tis sign'd,  
Thou mayst be gone, and gallop with the winde.

*(Exit Gresham)*

*Enter Phillip, Suffex, and Gage.*

*Phil.* Our Chancellor Lords, this is our sealing day,  
Thus our states businesse; is our signet there?

*Enter Howard, and Gresham as he is sealing.*

*How.* Stay your Imperiall hand, let not your seale imprint  
Deaths impresse in your sisters heart.

*Phil.* Our sisters heart! Lo: *Howard* what meanes this?

*How:* The Chancellor and that iniurious Lord,  
Can well expound the meaning.

*Winch:* Oh chance accurst, how cam he by this notice?  
Her life is guarded by the hand of heauen,  
And we in vaine pursue it.

*Phil:* Lord Chancellor, your dealing is not faire,  
See Lords, what writs affords it selfe  
To the impresse of our seale.

*Suff:* See my Lord, a warrant for the Princeesse death  
Before she be conuicted, what iugling call you this?  
See, see for Gods sake.

*Gage:* And a Purseuant readie to post away with it,  
To see it done with speed,  
What flintie breast could brooke to see her bleed?

*Phil:* Lord Chancellor, out of our prerogatiue  
We will make bold to enterline your warrant.

*Suff:* VVhose plot was this?

*How:* The Chancellors, and my Lord Constables.

*Suff:* How was't reueald?

*How:* By this Gentleman master *Gresham* the Kings Agent here.

*Suff:* He hath shewed his loue to the King and Queens maiestie,  
His seruice to his Countrey, and care of the Princeesse.

*Gresh:* My dutie to them all.

*Phil:* In stead of charging of the Sheriffes with her,  
VVe here discharge her keeper *Beningsfield*:  
And where we should haue brought her to the blocke,  
VVe now will haue her brought to *Hampton Court*,  
There to attend the pleasure of the *Queene*.



## *If you know not me,*

The Pursuiuant that should haue posted downe  
With tydings of her death,  
Beare her the messuage of her repriued life,  
You master Gage assist his speed, a good daies worke we ha made,  
To rescue Innocence so soone betrayd.

*Enter Clowne and Clarentia.*

*Clo:* Whether goe you so fast Mistresse *Clarentia*?

*Cla:* A milking.

*Clo:* A milking! that's a poore office for a Madam.

*Cla:* Better a Milk-maid free, than a Madam in bondage,  
Oh had'st thou heard the Princeesse yesternight,  
Sitting within an arbor all alone to heare a Milke-maid sing,  
It would haue moou'd a flintie heart to melt,  
Weeping and wishing, wishing and weeping,  
A thousand times she with her selfe debates,  
With the poore Milk-maid to exchange estates,  
She was a Sempster in the tower being a Princeesse,  
And shall I her poore Gentlewoman, disdain  
To be a Milk-maid in the Countrey?

*Clo:* Troth you say true, euerie one to his fortune,  
As men goe to hanging, the time hath been  
When I would ha scorn'd to carie coles, but now the case is alter'd,  
Euerie man as farre as his tallent will stretch.

*Enter a Gentlewoman.*

*Wom:* Wher's Mistresse *Clarentia*? to horse to horse,  
The Princeesse is sent for to the Court,  
She's gone already, come let's after.

*Cla:* The Princeesse gone, and I left here behinde!  
Come, come, our horses shall out-strip the winde.

*Clow:* And Ile not be long after you, for I am sure  
My curtall will carry me as fast as your double Gelding. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Elizabeth and Gage.*

*Eliz:* I wonder *Gage*, that we haue staid so long,  
So neere the Court, and yet haue heard no newes  
From our displeased sister, this more affrights me  
Than my former troubles, I feare this Hampton Court  
Wilbe my graue.

*Gage.* Good Madam, blot such thoughts out of your minde,

The



## *You know no bodie.*

The Lords I know, are still about your suit,  
And make no doubt, but they will so preuaile  
Both with the King and Queene, that you shall see  
Their haynous anger will be turn'd to loue.

*Enter Howard.*

*Howard.* Where is the Princeesse?

*Eliz:* Welcome my good Lo: *Howard*, what sayes the Queene,  
Will she admit me fight?

*How:* Madam she will, this night she hath appointed,  
That she her selfe in person meanes to heare you,  
Protraſt no time, then come let's haſt away.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter foure Torches: Phillip, Wincheſter,  
Howard, Shandoyſe, Beningfield,  
and Attendants.*

*Queene.* Where is the Princeſſe?

*How:* She waights your pleaſure at the Common-ſtaires,

*Quee:* Viſher her in by Torch-light.

*How:* Gentlemen Viſhers, and Gentlemen Pentioners, lights  
For the Princeſſe, attendance Gentlemen.

*Phill:* For her ſuppoſed vertues, Royall Queene  
Looke on your ſiſter with a ſmiling brow,  
And if her fault merite not too much hate,  
Let her be cenſur'd with all lenitie,  
Let your deepe hatred end where it hegan,  
She hath been too long banisht from the ſunne.

*Quee:* Our fauour ſhalbe farre boue her deſert,  
And ſhe that hath been banisht from the light,  
Shall once againe behold our cheerefull ſight.  
You my Lord ſhall ſtep behind the arraſſe,  
And heare our conference, wee ſhew her Grace,  
For there ſhines too much mercie in your face.

*Phill:* We beare this mind, we errors would not feed,  
Nor cheriſh wrongs, nor yet ſee Innocents bleed.

*Quee:* Call the Princeſſe.

*(Exeunt for the Princeſſe,  
(Phillip behid the arras.)*

*Enter all with Elizabeth.*

All forbear this place, except our ſiſter now. *(Exeunt omnes.)*

*Eliz:* That God that raiſ'd you, ſtay you, and protect

*If you know not me,*

You from your foes, and cleere me from suspect.

*Quee:* Wherefore doe you cry?

To see your selfe so low, or vs so hie.

*Eliz:* Neither dread Queene, mine is a womanish teare,

In part compeld by ioy, and part by feare :

Ioy of your sight, these brinish teares haue bread,

For feare of my Queenes frowne, to strike me dead.

*Quee:* Sister, I rather thinke the're teares of spleen.

*Eliz:* You were my sister, now you are my Queen.

*Quee:* I that's you grieve.

*Eliz.* Madame, he was my foe, and not your friend

That hath posselt you so, I am as true a

Subiect to your Grace, as any liues this day:

Did you but see,

My heart it bends farre lower then my knee.

*Quee:* We know you can speake well : will you submit?

*Eliz:* My life Madam I will, but not as guiltie,

Should I confesse

Fault done by her, that neuer did transgresse?

I ioy to haue a sister Queene so royall.

I would it as much please your Maiestie,

That you enioy a sister that's so true :

If I were guiltie of the least offence,

Madame, 'twould taint the blood euen in your face;

The treasons of the father, being noble,

Vnnobles all your children: let your grace

Exact all torture and imprisonment,

What ere my greatest enemies can deuise:

And when they all haue done their worst, yet I

Will your true subiect and true sister dye.

*Phil.* Myrror of vertue, and bright natures pride, *(behind the*  
Pittie it had been, such beautie should haue dy'd, *arras.*

*Quee:* You'le not submit, but end as you begin.

*Eliz.* Madam to death I will, but not to sinne.

*Quee:* You are not guiltie then?

*Eliz:* I thinke I am not.

*Quee:* I am not of your mind.

*Eliz:* I would your highnesse were.

*Quee:*



## You know no bodie.

*Quee*. How meane you that.

*Eliz*. To thinke as I thinke, that my soule is cleere.

*Quee*. You haue been wrong imprison'd then?

*Eliz*. Ile not say so.

*Quee*. What ere we thinke, arise and kisse our hand; }  
Say God hath rais'd you friends.

*Eliz*. Then God hath kept his promise.

*Quee*. Promise, why?

*Eliz*. To raise them friends that on his word relie.

*Enter Philip.*

*Phil*. And may the heauens applaud this vnitie;  
Accurst be they that first procur'd this wrong,  
Now by my crowne, you haue been kept downe too long.

*Quee*. Sister this night your selfe shall feast with me,  
To morrow for the countrey you are free,  
Lights for the Princeesse, conduct her to her chamber. *Exit Eliz.*

*Phil*. My soule is ioyfull that this peace is made:  
A peace that pleaseth heauen and earth, and all,  
Redeeming captiue thoughts from captiue thrall,  
Faire Queene, the serious busines of my father  
Is now at hand to be accomplished,  
Of your faire sight I needs must take my leaue,  
Returne I shall, tho parting cause vs grieue.

*Quee*. Why should two harts be for't to separate,  
I know your busines, but beleue me sweete,  
My soule diuines we neuer more shall meete.

*Phil*. Yet faire Queene hope the best I shall returne,  
Who met with ioy, tho now sadly mourne. *Exeunt Phil. & Queen.*

*Bening*. What, droopes your honour?

*Winch*. Oh, I am sicke.

*Const*. Where lyes your griefe?

*Winch*. Where yours and all good subiects els should lye,  
Neere at the heart, this confirmation I doe greatly dread,  
For now our true religion will decay,  
I doe diuine, who euer liues seuen yeare,  
Shall see no Religion here, but heresye.

*Bening*. Come, come my Lord, this is but for a shew,  
Our Queene I warrant wishes in her heart,

*Her*

*If you know not me,*

Her sister Princeſſe were without her head.

*Winch:* No, no my Lords, this peace is naturall,  
This combination is without deceit,  
But I will once more write to incenſe the Queene,  
The plot is layd, thus it ſhalbe perform'd:  
Sir *Harrie*, you ſhall goe attach her ſervant  
Vpon ſuſpition of ſome treacherie,  
Wherein the Princeſſe ſhall be acceſſarie:  
If this doe faile, my pollicy is downe.  
But I grow faint, the feauer ſtaies on me,  
Death like a vulture tyres vpon my heart,  
Ile leaue you twoo to proſecute this drift,  
My bones to earth I giue, t heauen my ſoule I liſt.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Gage, and Clarentia.*

*Gage.* Madam *Clarentia*, is my Ladie ſtirring?

*Cla:* Yes maſter *Gage*, but heauie at the heart,  
For ſhe was frighted with a dreame this night,  
She ſayd, ſhe dream'd her ſiſter was new married,  
And ſat vpon a high Emperiall throne:  
That ſhe her ſelfe was caſt into a dungeon,  
Whence enemies enuiron'd her about,  
Offering their weapons to her naked breaſt;  
Nay they would ſcarcely giue her leaue to pray,  
They made ſuch haſt to hurry her away.

*Gage.* Heauen ſhield my miſtreſſe, and make her friends increaſe,  
Conuert her foes, eſtate her in true peace.

*Cla:* Then did I dreame of weddings, and of flowers,  
Me thought I was within the fineſt Garden,  
That euer mortall eye did yet behold,  
Then ſtraight me thought ſome of the chiefe were pickt  
To dreſſe the Bride, O'twas the rareſt ſhowe  
To ſee the Bride goe ſmiling longſt the ſtreets,  
As if ſhe went to happines eternall.

*Gage.* Oh moſt vnhappy dreame, my feare is now  
As great as yours, before it was but ſmall,  
Come let's goe comfort her, that ioyes vs all.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*



*you know no bodie.*

*Enter, A dumb show: six Torches.*

*Sussex* bearing the Crowne, *Howard* bearing the Scepter, the *Constable* the Mace, *Tame* the Purse, *Shandoyse* the Sword, *Phillip* and *Mary*; after them the *Cardinall Poole*, *Beningfield* and *Attendants*: *Phillip* and *Mary* confers; he takes leaue, and *Exit*. Nobles bring him to the dore, and returne; shee falles in a Swound; they comfort her; a dead march. Enter foure with the herse of *Winchester* with the Scepter & Purse lying on it, the *Queene* takes the Scepter and Mace, and giues it *Cardinall Poole*; a fennet, and *Exeunt Omnes, preter Sussex*.

*Susf*: *Winchester's* dead, O God vppō euen at his death,  
He shewd his malice to the sweete young Princesse,  
God pardon him, his soule must answere all,  
Shee's still preferu'd, and still her foes do fall,  
The *Queene* is much besotted on these Prelates,  
For ther's another rays'd more base then he,  
*Poole* that Arch, for truth and honesty.

*Enter Beningfield.*

*Ben*: My Lord of *Sussex* I can tell ill newes,  
The *Cardinall Poole* that now was firmly well,  
Is sodenly falne sicke and like to dye.

*Susf*: Let him goe, why, then ther's a fall of Prelates,  
This realme will neuer stand in perfect state,  
Till all their faction be cleare ruinate,

*Enter Constable.*

*Const*: S r *Harry*, doe you heare the whispering in the Court,  
They say the *Queene* is crazy, very ill.

*Susf*: How heard you that?

*Const*: Tis common through the house.

*Enter Howard.*

*How*: Tis a sad Court my Lord.

*Susf*: What's the matter: say how fayres the *Queene*?

*How*: Whether in sorrow for the Kings departure,  
Or els for greife at *Winchesters* decease,  
Or els that *Cardinall Poole* is sodaynely dead,  
I cannot tell, but shee's exceeding sicke.

F

*Susf*:

## *If you know not me,*

*Suff:* The state begins to alter.

*How:* Nay more my Lord, I came now from the presence,  
I heard the Doctors whisper it in secret,  
There is no way but one.

*Suff:* Gods will be done; whose with the Queene, my Lord?

*How:* The Duke of *Norfolke*, the Earle of *Oxford*,  
The Earle of *Arundell*, and diuers others,  
They are with-drawne into the inward chamber,  
Thereto take counsell, and intreat your presence.

*Su:* Wee'le waight vpon their Honors. *(Exeunt omnes.)*

*Enter Elizabeth, Gage and Clarentia aboue.*

*Eliz:* O God, my last nights dreame I greatly feare,  
It doth presage my death, good matter *Gage*  
Looke to the path-way that doth come from the Court,  
I looke each minute for deaths messenger.  
Would he were here now, so my soule were pure,  
That I with patience might the stroke endure.

*Gage:* Madam I see from farre a horse-man comming,  
This way he bends his speed, he comes so fast  
That he is couered in a cloud of dust,  
And now I haue lost his sight, he appeares againe,  
Making his way ouer Hill, Hedge, Ditch and Plaine;  
One after him; they two strue,  
As on the race they had wagerd both their liues,  
Another after him.

*Eliz:* O God what meanes this hast?  
Pray for my soule, my life cannot long last.

*Gage:* Strange and miraculous, the first being at the gate,  
His horse hath broke his necke, and cast his rider.

*Eliz:* This same is but a prologue to my death,  
My heart is guiltlesse though they take my breath.

*Enter sir Henry Karem.*

*Kar:* God saue the Queene, God saue Elizabeth.

*Eliz:* God saue the Queene, so all good Subiects say;  
I am her Subiect, and for her still I pray.

*Kar:* My horse did you allegiance at the gate,  
For there he broke his necke, and there he lyes,  
For I my selfe had much a doe to rise,



*you know no bodie.*

The fall hath brus'd me, yet I liue to cry,  
God blesse your grace, God blesse your maiesty.

*Gage:* Long liue the Queene, long liue your maiesty.

*Eliz:* This newes is sweete, my hart was fore affraid:  
Rise thou, first Baron that we euer made.

*Karew:* Thanks to your maiesty, happy be my tongue,  
That first breath'd right to one that had such wrong.

*Enter sir Iohn Brocket.*

*Broc:* Am I preuented in my hast, O chance accurst!  
My hopes did sooth me that I was the first;  
Let not my duty be ore swayd by spleene,  
Long liue my Soueraigne, and God saue my Queene.

*Eliz:* Thanks good Sir *Iohn*, we will deserue your loue.

*Enter Howard.*

*How:* Though third in order, yet the first in loue,  
I tender my allegiance to your Grace,  
Liue long faire Queene, thrise happy be your raigne,  
He that in-states you, your high state mayntaine.

*Eliz:* Lord *Howard* thanks, you euer were our friend,  
I see your loue continues to the end,  
But cheefly thanks to you my Lord of *Hunsdon*.

*How:* Meaning this gentleman?

*Eliz:* The very same;

His tongue was first proclamer of our name:  
And trusty *Gage* in token of our Grace,  
We giue to you a captaine Pentioners place.

*How.* Madam the Counsell are here hard at hand,

*Eliz:* We will descend and meet them.

*Karew:* Let's guard our Soueraigne praying that power,  
That can throw downe and rayse within an hower. *Ex. omnes*

*Enter the Clowne, and one more with faggots.*

*Clo:* Come neighbor, come away, euery man his faggot,  
And his double pot, for ioy of the old Queenes death,  
Let bells ring, and children sing,

For we may haue cause to remember  
The scauenteenth day of Nouember.

*Enter Lord of Tame.*

*Tame:* How now my masters what's here to do?

*If you know not me,*

*Clo:* Fayth making Bone-fiers for icy of the newe *Queene*,  
Come fir your penny, and you be a true subiect,  
You'le battle with vs your faggot, wee be merry yfayth.

*Tame:* And you do well: and yet me thinke 'twere fit,  
To spend some funerall teares vpon her hearce.  
Who while she liu'd was deere vnto them all.

*Clo:* I, but do not you know the old prouerbe,  
We must liue by the quicke, and not by the dead.

*Tame:* Did you not loue her father when he liu'd,  
As deerly as you ere did loue any,  
And yet reioyced at his funerall:  
Likewise her brother, you esteem'd him deere,  
Yet once departed, ioyfully you sung,  
Runne to make Bone-fiers, to proclaime your loue  
Vnto the newe, forgetting still the old:  
Now she is gone, how you mone for her?  
Were it not fit a while to mone her herse,  
And dutifully there reioyce the tother;  
Had you the wisest and the louingst Prince,  
That euer swayd a Scepter in the world,  
This is the loue he shall haue after life:  
Let Princes while they liue haue loue or feare, tis fit,  
For after death, ther's none continues it.

*Clo:* By my fayth my Maisters, he speakes wisely,  
Come, wee to the end of the lane, and there wee  
Make a bonfire and be merry,  
Fayth agreed, ile spend my halfe-penny towards  
Another faggot, rather than the new *Queene* shall  
Want a bonfire.

*Exeunt, manet Tame.*

*Tame.* I blame you not, nor doe I you commend,  
For you will still the strongest side defend.

*Exit.*

*A sennet.* Enter 4 Trumpetors, after them Sargeant Trumpetor with a Mace, after him Purse-bearer, *Suffex* with the Crowne, *Howard* the Scepter, *Constable* with the Cap of maintenance, *Shandoyse* with the Sword, *Tame* with the Coller and a George, foure Gentlemē bearing the Canapy ouer the *Queene*, two Gentlewomen bearing vp her trayne, six gentlemen *Pensioners*; the *Queene* takes state.

*Omnes.*



## *You know no bodie.*

*Omnes.* Long liue, long raigne our Soueraigne.

*Eliz:* We thanke you all.

*Suff:* The imperiall Crowne I heere present your Grace,  
With it my staffe of Office and my place.

*Eliz:* Whil'st we this Crowne, so long your place enioy.

*How:* Th'imperiall Scepter here I offer vp.

*Eliz:* Keepe it my Lord, and with it be you high Admirall.

*Const:* This Cap of Mainetenance, I present my state  
of Office, and my vtmost seruice.

*Eliz:* Your loue we know.

*Const:* Pardon me gracious Madame, twas not spleene,  
But that alleageance that I ow'd my Queene.

Madame, I seru'd her truly at that day,

And I as truly will your Grace obay.

*Eliz:* We doe as freely pardon, as you truly seru'd:  
Onely your staffe of Office weele displace,  
In stead whereof, weele owe you greater Grace.

*Enter Beningsfield.*

*Bening:* Long liue the Queene, long liue your Maiestie,  
I haue rid hard to be the first reporter  
Of these glad tydings first; and all these heere.

*Suff:* You are in your loue as free as in your care,  
You're come euen iust, a day after the fayre.

*Eliz:* What's he, my Iaylor?

*Bening:* God preserue your Grace.

*Eliz:* Be not asham'd man, looke me in the face,  
Who haue you now to patronize your strictnes on?  
For your kindnes this I will bestow:

When wee haue one we would haue hardly vs'd.

And cruelly dealt with, you shall be the man,

This is a day for peace, not for vengeance fit,

All your good deeds weele quit, all wrongs remit.

Where we left off, proceed.

*Shan:* The sword of Iustice, on my bended knee  
I to your Grace present, heauen bleffe your Raigne.

*Eliz:* This Sword is ours, this staffe is yours againe.

*Tame:* This Garter with the Order of the George,  
Two Ornaments vnto the Crowne of England,



## *If you know not me,*

There present.

*Eliz:* Possesse them still my Lord, what Office beare you?

*Gage:* I Captaine of your highnes Pentioners.

*Brock:* I of your Guard.

I Sargeant Trumpetor present my Mace.

*Eliz:* Some we intend to rayse, none to displace;  
Lord *Hunsdon*, we will one day finde a staffe  
To poyze your hand: you are our Cosen,  
And deserue to be employd neerer our person:  
But now to you from whome we take this staffe,  
Since *Cardinall Poole* is now decea'd and dead,  
To shew all mallice from our breast is worne,  
Before you let that Purse and Mace be borne.  
And now to *London* Lords lead on the way,  
Praying that King, that all Kings els obey.

*Sennet about the stage in order,  
the Maior of London meets them.*

*Maior:* I from this Citty London, do present  
This Purse and Bible to your maiesty,  
A thousand of your faithfull Cittizens  
In veluet Coats and Chaynes well mounted, stay  
To greet their royall Soueraigne on the way.

*Eliz:* We thanke you all: but first this booke I kisse,  
Thou art the way to honor; thou to blisse,  
An English Bible, thanks my good Lord Maior,  
You of our body and our soule haue care:  
This is the Iewell that we still loue best,  
This was our solace when we were distrest,  
This booke that hath so long conceald it selfe,  
So long shut vp, so long hid; now Lords see,  
We here vnclaspe, for euer it is free:  
Who looks for ioy, let him this booke adore,  
This is true foode for rich men and for poore,  
Who drinkes of this is certaine ne're to perish,  
This will the soule with heauenly vertue cherish,  
Lay hand vppon this Anchor euery soule,  
Your names shalbe in an eternall scrowle;  
Who builds on this, dwel's in a happie state,

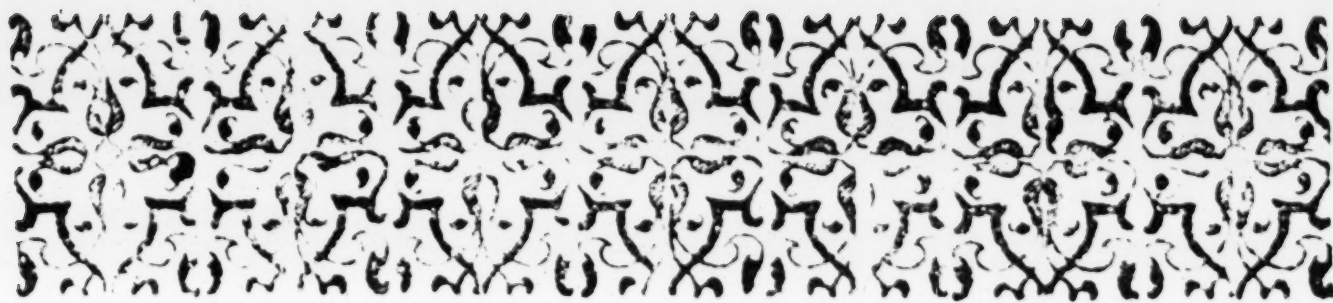
This



*You know no bodie.*

This is the fountaine cleere immaculate.  
That happie yssue that shall vs succeed,  
**A**nd in our populous Kingdome this Booke read,  
For them, as for our owne selues we humbly pray  
They may liue long and blest; so lead the way.

*FINIS.*





## *If you know not me,*

There present.

*Eliz:* Possesse them still my Lord, what Office beare you?

*Gage:* I Captaine of your highnes Pentioners.

*Brock:* I of your Guard.

I Sargeant Trumpetor present my Mace.

*Eliz:* Some we intend to rayse, none to displace;

Lord *Hunsdon*, we will one day finde a staffe

To poyze your hand: you are our Cosen,

And deserue to be employd neerer our person:

But now to you from whome we take this staffe.

Since *Cardinall Poole* is now decea'd and dead,

To shew all mallice from our breast is worne,

Before you let that Purse and Mace be borne.

And now to *London* Lords lead on the way,

Praying that King, that all Kings els obay.

*Sennet about the stage in order,  
the Maior of London meets them.*

*Maior:* I from this Citty London, do present

This Purse and Bible to your maiesty,

A thousand of your faithfull Cittizens

In veluet Coats and Chaynes well mounted, stay

To greet their royall Soueraigne on the way.

*Eliz:* We thanke you all: but first this booke I kisse,

Thou art the way to honor; thou to blisse,

An English Bible, thanks my good Lord Maior,

You of our body and our soule haue care:

This is the Iewell that we still loue best,

This was our solace when we were distrest,

This booke that hath so long conceald it selfe,

So long shut vp, so long hid; now Lords see,

We here vnclaspe, for euer it is free:

Who looks for ioy, let him this booke adore,

This is true foode for rich men and for poore,

Who drinkes of this is certaine ne're to perish,

This will the soule with heauenly vertue cherish,

Lay hand vppon this Anchor euery soule,

Your names shalbe in an eternall scrowle;

Who builds on this, dwel's in a happie state,

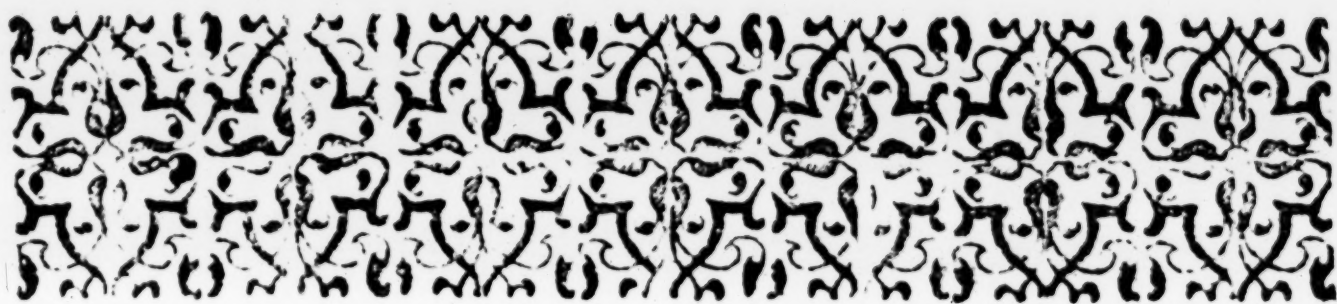
**This**



*You know no bodie.*

This is the fountaine cleere immaculate.  
That happie yssue that shall vs succeed,  
And in our populous Kingdome this Booke read,  
For them, as for our owne selues we humbly pray  
They may liue long and blest; so lead the way.

*FINIS.*







REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL  
IN THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON  
LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY.  
FOR REFERENCE ONLY.  
PERMISSION NECESSARY FOR  
REPRODUCTION.

*I know not me,*

There present.

*Eliz:* Possesse them still my Lord, what Office beare you?

*Gage:* I Captaine of your highnes Pentioners.

*Brock:* I of your Guard.

I Sargeant Trumpetor present my Mace.

*Eliz:* Some we intend to rayte, none to displace;

*Lord Hunsdon,* we will one day finde a staffe

To poyze your hand: you are our Cosen,

And deserue to be employd neerer our person:

But now to you from whome we take this staffe.

Since *Cardinall Poole* is now deceast and dead,

To shew all mallice from our breast is worne,

Before you let that Purse and Mace be borne.

And now to *London* Lords lead on the way,

Praying that King, that all Kings els obay.

*Sennet about the stage in order,  
the Maior of London meets them.*

*Maior:* I from this Citty London, do present

This Purse and Bible to your maiesty,

A thousand of your faithfull Citizens

In veluet Coats and Chaynes well mounted, stay

To greet their royall Soueraigne on the way.

*Eliz:* We thanke you all: but first this booke I kisse,

Thou art the way to honor; thou to blisse,

An English Bible, thanks my good Lord Maior,

You of our body and our soule haue care:

This is the Iewell that we still loue best,

This was our solace when we were distrest,

This booke that hath so long conceald it selfe,

So long shut vp, so long hid; now Lords see,

We here vnclaipe, for euer it is free:

Who lookes for ioy, let him this booke adore,

This is true foode for rich men and for poore,

Who drinckes of this is certaine ne're to perish,

This will the soule with heauenly vertue cherish,

Lay hand vppon this Anchor euery soule,

Your names shalbe in an eternall scrowle;

Who builds on this, dwel's in a happie state,

This





*I know not me,*

There present.

*Eliz:* Possesse them still my Lord, what Office beare you?

*Gage:* I Captaine of your highnes Pentioners,

*Brock:* I of your Guard,

I Sargeant Trumpetor present my Mace.

*Eliz:* Some we intend to rayte, none to displace;

Lord *Hunsdon*, we will one day finde a staffe

To poyze your hand: you are our Cosen,

And deserue to be employd neerer our person:

But now to you from whome we take this staffe.

Since *Cardinall Poole* is now deceast and dead,

To shew all mallice from our breast is worne,

Before you let that Purse and Mace be borne.

And now to *London* Lords lead on the way,

Praysing that King, that all Kings els obey.

*Sennet about the stage in order,  
the Maior of London meets them.*

*Maior:* I from this Citty London, do present

This Purse and Bible to your maiety,

A thousand of your faithfull Cittizens

In veluet Coats and Chaynes well mounted, stay

To greet their royall Soueraigne on the way.

*Eliz:* We thanke you all: but first this booke I kisse,

Thou art the way to honor; thou to blisse,

An English Bible, thanks my good Lord Maior,

You of our body and our soule haue care:

This is the Iewell that we still loue best,

This was our solace when we were distrest,

This booke that hath so long conceald it selfe,

So long shut vp, so long hid; now Lords see,

We here vnclasp, for euer it is free:

Who lookes for ioy, let him this booke adore,

This is true foode for rich men and for poore,

Who drinckes of this is certaine ne're to perish,

This will the soule with heauenly vertue cherish,

Lay hand vppon this Anchor euery soule,

Your names shalbe in an eternall scrowle;

Who builds on this, dwel's in a happie state,

This









